

FEBRUARY 1957

# Maryknoll

SECOND  
CHANCE

A Refugee Children  
p. 14





**FORMOSA BAPTISM**—This little fellow shows wonderment and awe at the Maryknoller's strange-sounding words that make him a child of God. Over 6,000 people on the island of Formosa received Baptism last year.

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# The Blue Horse

BY FELIX FOURNIER, M.M.



■ THE FIESTA was over. Jacaltenango was abed, dreaming no doubt of the tamales made with turkey that it had eaten, dreaming of the fireworks that must have been visible across the frontier right into Mexico, dreaming of all the wonderful things that merchants had brought from Huehuetenango and Momostenango and Quezaltenango.

And if indeed Jacaltenango was dreaming, the flying horses—of the little knock-down merry-go-round—the flying horses and their impresario must have emerged as a large part of that dream.

Old and young alike clambered up on the little round platform to pay two cents, sit on one of the small brightly painted wooden horses, and whirl round and round as fast as the motive power of four Indian boys could make them go.

The marimba played on and on, and the wooden bearings of the flying horses screeched and screeched. People sang, and people clapped and shouted.

"This has been the best fiesta ever!" said one woman as she herded her brood towards home, the little girls' ribbons fluttering on their pretty Indian dresses, and the boys scaling one another's new

straw hats into the dewy pasture.

But now, in the early morning cold, the plaza was abandoned, the site of dead campfires and broken shards of water pots, with today's dew officially sealing yesterday.

All was still except for the call of the day's first bird.

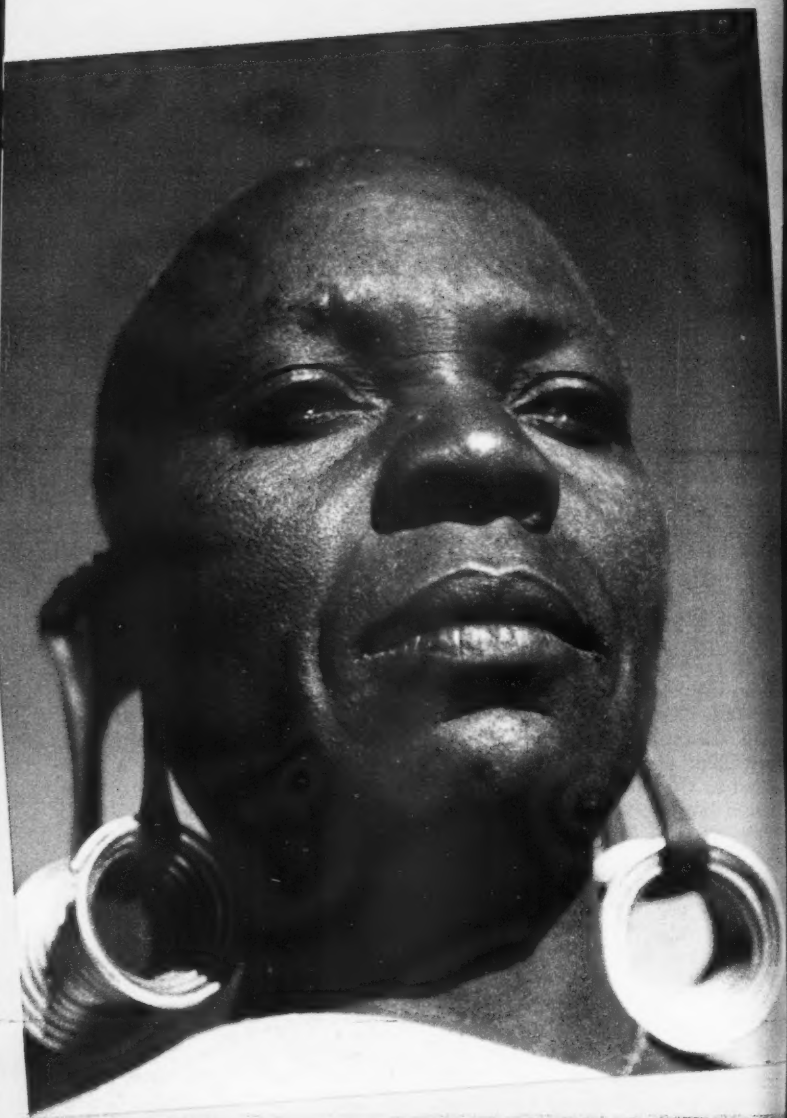
The merry-go-round was dismantled. The poor little flying horses were huddled under a rude canvas thrown over them by the impresario the night before.

But there was movement in the plaza, although not a very big movement.

A very small Indian boy was lifting the dew-sodden canvas here and there. He finally drew back the canvas to discover to the new sun the blue horse.

He put his arm around that wooden neck and said aloud, "I rode this one!" ■ ■

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PAUL BORDENET

A woman of the Bakuria tribe. Note the weights on her ears.







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DAMIEN WALSH

Father Edward James stops his jeep to talk to Bakuria boys.

■ CIVILIZATION has been slow in coming to the Bakuria tribe of northern Tanganyika. That tribe is an off-shoot of the nomadic and warlike Masai. The Bakuria measure their wealth in cattle, stretch their ears with plugs and weights, and bind their arms with copper wire to produce bulging muscles. ■ ■

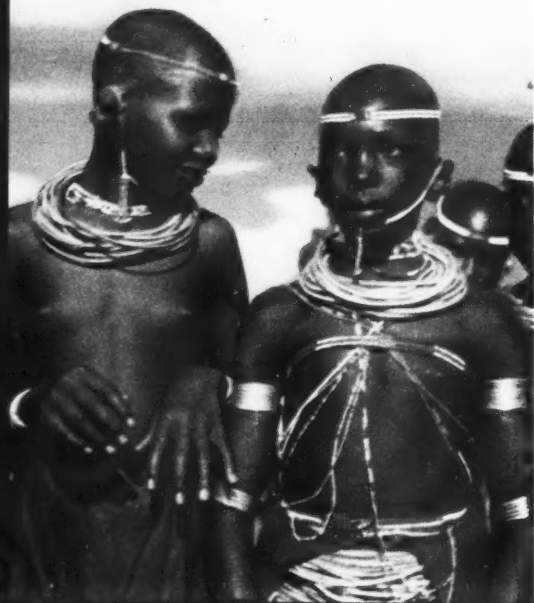
# BIG EARS

AN AFRICAN PICTURE PROFILE

■ THE Bakuria are clannish, preferring to live apart from other tribes and to keep to their own customs. Their married women go in for ornate dress (right), while the unmarried girls (below) smear themselves with cow grease and wear cowhide skirts and circlets of beads. Bakuria men, having more contact with the outside world, are sophisticated and debonair. Boys of the tribes are on their own at the age of nine years. They are free to wander away from home as long as they please. Bakuria girls have a more restricted life. ■ ■



ARTHUR WILLE



A tribal gay blade (above) has a hat of his own creation. The girls (left) are participating in their first dance.

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■ MARYKNOLL has taken Christianity to the Bakuria. After baptism the converts usually mark their new life by removing the copper bands from their arms and the weights from their ear lobes.

The missionaries have had fine success in their work among the Bakuria. Father Joseph Reinhart (below) was one of the pioneer pastors. The Bakuria held him in great respect and admiration. ■ ■

DAMIEN WALSH



Proof of success in Bakuria-land.

ARTHUR WILLE





# KOKO and the BISHOP

Heroics are foreign to a hero.

BY WILLIAM R. BOOTH, M.M.

■ THOSE who knew Bishop Patrick Byrne will recognize him in the following account of events that were the prelude to the infamous death march, which ended for him in death.

The North Korean Reds entered the Apostolic Delegation in Seoul on June 28th just before noon. On the previous day, the bishop had dismissed the servants lest they fall into the hands of the Reds. He and I were alone in the house when the Security Police occupied it. They committed no violence but prevented us from getting any sleep that first night; we were not able to say Mass the following morning, the 29th of June — Maryknoll's Foundation Day.

We broke our fast that morning on a weak cup of coffee — all that remained after a well-stocked larder was looted. The bishop realized that it would be impossible to

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remain where we were, so he asked and received permission for us to take refuge in the cathedral rectory, where Father Joseph Ri, the vicar general was in charge.

We were given permission to take what clothes and personal effects we could carry in two handbags, and with the help of John Romano, who had somehow managed to secure a pushcart, we were soon ready to start. In coming to our aid voluntarily, Romano—for many years a faithful co-worker for Father James Pardy in North Korea, and at that time factotum for Msgr. George Carroll—put his own life in jeopardy. Indeed later, he and his wife and five children suffered much—but that is another story.

It was a hot day in Seoul. Bishop Byrne was clad in black trousers, white collarless shirt. His coat was over his arm, his fedora in his hand; tucked neatly in his other arm was Koko. Koko was a small cocker spaniel that had won the affections of the bishop (hands down) from the time he first arrived as a gift from a friendly colonel. The bishop had lost his home, his car, nearly all his possessions but he still had Koko.

We started out through the quiet and deserted streets of the city. At the corner, in front of the capital building we saw five dead soldiers lying where they had fallen, their faces covered by straw bags—brave remnants of a rear guard of the retreating South Korean Army. As we reached the city hall, a column of tanks was approaching from the opposite direction. No one

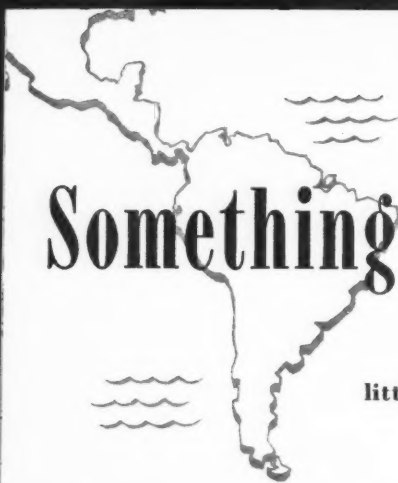
paid us any attention. It was a good forty-five-minute walk and we were glad when we reached the hospitable shelter of the episcopal residence, where we were kindly received by Father Ri.

We had adjacent rooms on the second floor. The blinds were kept drawn day and night. Koko, of course, couldn't understand why he was confined to a dark room, why he was shushed when he wanted to play, why his rations were cut severely. He soon began to lose weight and all his former pep. This was a sore trial for Bishop Byrne, always a pushover for his canine friends.

I have many memories of the death march that followed, of Bishop Byrne's last days on earth. The Reds knew he was dying and they demanded that he go over to a building that had been set aside as the People's Hospital. It was a filthy hut without heat, without beds, without attendants. It was just a rough empty shack.

I remember as we laid the bishop on the straw, he turned to us and said, "Next to the grace of the priesthood, I look on it as the greatest privilege of my life to have been able to suffer with you for Christ."

But the memory that stands out is that hot June morning when Bishop Byrne turned his back on all that he called home. He was bare-headed, coatless, a serene look on his face, and Koko, the friendly cocker spaniel tucked in his arm. He held his head high. He retained his genial smile, and cracked his favorite jokes. ■ ■



# Something in the Air

**Top leadership teams up with  
little people at the grass-roots level.**

**BY JOHN J. CONSIDINE, M.M.**

■ "I've come to Turrialba to look for a cow," explained Bishop Perres Hernandez, with whom I rode. The bishop is a very pleasant person, deeply devoted to the rural people of his homeland, Colombia.

"The small farmer in our country areas needs dairy products from an animal that will not cost too much to keep, that will stay healthy in the uplands, and that can be used for meat and meat products when the farmer wants to slaughter it for such purposes. Hence, my dear Padre, I'm searching for a cow — my kingdom for a cow!"

At Turrialba I watched the bishop searching for his cow. He saw the carefully raised Jersey and Guernsey stock in the experimental herds. He saw also the handsome specimens of the new Santa Gertrudis stock from Texas. The bishop carefully gathered information about cattle, to report to his farming people.

"Your Excellency," I remarked at one point in our conversation, "it is wonderful to find you so en-

grossed in the everyday needs of your people!"

"Padre," His Excellency replied, "it's a way of doing that is in the air today, everywhere in Latin America. We are all concerned with what makes people stronger, healthier, better fed, better schooled, better prepared to live life wisely, better able to be faithful to their religion. Anyone genuinely interested in man as man, knows that people broken by social wrongs and weaknesses can't properly worship God."

During recent years, my assignments have taken me several times from the top to the bottom of Latin America; and during the past thirty years, my work has kept me in contact with many Latin Americans. Not all of the Churchmen whom I have met have shown Bishop Hernandez' devotion to the needs of their people.

But one thing I think is profoundly true: the bishop's statement that it is in the air today in Latin America to be concerned about the other fellow in terms of spiritual

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ideals. In the vast back country of the continent, in the villages of the Amazon valley, on the windswept plateaus of the bleak Andean country, as well as in every quarter of the great cities, little people as well as more-important people express the bishop's sentiments.

Such views have led me to the conclusion that in harping on the weak points we have overlooked Latin America's substantial growth in strength. Latin America has experienced proportionately greater social advance than any other area of the Western world.

The ferment in the air throughout Latin America to which Bishop Perres Hernandez made reference and which is marked by great gains throughout the continent is strongly noted in the field of social action. Since a broad level of poverty still prevails in Latin America, social action on the continent as a whole is not marked by many costly and dramatic projects that electrify the onlooker. The social action is rather the story of the bishop and his cow, a thousand times repeated.

Much of the initiative is governmental, and since Latin America is by far a rural world rather than a world of cities (there are but five cities of a million or more, and only thirty-nine cities greater than a hundred thousand in population in the whole area), much of the social activity is rural. The Organization of American States, which came into being in 1948 as an outgrowth of the Union of American Republics established in 1890, took rural improvement seriously, in setting up its center at Turrialba and

its three regional centers at Havana, Lima and Montevideo. Turrialba has a budget of \$600,000 a year. Its specialists — for the most part, Latin Americans — give almost all their time to agricultural projects and to rural living.

"I suppose you spend most of your days on problems of the big plantations and the great money crops grown on them," I remarked to the director of Turrialba's Scientific Research Service.

"Not exactly," he replied. "True, we have experts in coffee and in the other major crops of the area. We are working on new products, such as the cacao plant from Africa, and are hoping to reduce the dangers of one-crop economies that prevail widely.

"But popular-education projects are our pet activities. We go in for poster campaigns and the organization of local farm clubs. Take a look at our posters here and see the job *Tio Conejo* does for us."

We looked at the posters, and I found that "*Tio Conejo*" is the Spanish for "Uncle Rabbit." On every poster, big-eared Uncle figured prominently, with good advice for the Latin-American farmer. "Don't burn!" one poster read; "Fire ruins the soil."

"As in other areas of the underdeveloped world," explained the director, "the Latin-American farmers still employ the benighted practice of burning off last year's crop remains and last year's grass, in the spring. The *quema*, as that practice is called, is one of our great enemies. We are organizing farmers by the thousands to fight the *quema*."

Surveys have been made at Turrialba of rural health problems, nutrition problems and an immense number of other matters.

"You seem to be every bit as interested in the farmers as in their farms," I remarked to Doctor Julio, a thoughtful and very capable Puerto Rican, who is Director of Economics and Welfare at Turrialba.

"Decidedly!" he replied. "I'd say the entire operation depends on proper regard for the human equation. Research is completely inadequate by itself. The country people of Latin America must grow along with technical progress in the countryside. If they don't the programs will be like trees with their roots in the air. They'll get no proper nourishment. The principal food on which these social programs will thrive is the enthusiastic satisfaction of the villagers."

"Who should take the lead in a typical rural community?" I asked.

"All elements in the community should take part: the teacher, the agricultural agent, the social worker, the health officer, the parish priest."

"And what, Your Excellency," I asked Bishop Hernandez, who was with us, "is the role of the parish priest in this rural, social program?"

"The priest, and indeed, the bishop as well," said His Excellency, "should hold the trust and confidence of all the community. He encourages the initiative of the others on every side, and guards the

Christian principles involved."

In all Latin America, the remarkable example of what a parish priest can do is the accomplishment of Monsignor Salcedo in organizing the Catholic Rural Radio Schools

of Colombia. Today this is a giant enterprise, that has established 6,500 radio schools in the mountains of

Colombia, possesses more than a million dollars' worth of equipment, including the third-most-powerful broadcasting station in all Latin America. And it has a technical staff second to none on the continent. Its success as a social project and as a Catholic achievement has been phenomenal.

It all started through enthusiasm for radio technology, which Padre Alfonso Novia, professor of physics, awakened in one of his seminary students, a boy named Salcedo. Today, a plaque appears on the great radio station, honoring Padre Novia, to whom Monsignor Salcedo attributes the fruitful idea.

Padre Salcedo (after ordination in 1947 he is only 35 years old today) was assigned to the remote mountain parish of Sutatenza, with only 40 people in his residence village but 8,000 in the parish. These people were campesinos, scattered in clusters of three or four families among the mighty peaks and deep valleys. To bring the children to school, was impossible. To get great numbers to Sunday Mass, was equally impracticable. Hence, ig-

"The work which awaits the missionary zeal of the Catholic world today is unparalleled in history. New fields lie ready for the harvest."

— Pope Pius XII

norance, backwardness, a low-grade life among otherwise good and hardy mountaineers.

If he could only do something for them! If he could only place his radio hobby at their service! This, Father Salcedo decided to do. He passed word throughout the parish that he planned to talk to them by radio and that he would show them how to hear and learn.

On a certain day, he stated, he wanted every farm family to bring in a lamb, or a chicken, or an egg. He was astounded to find that on the day set, he had a whole flock of lambs, chickens, and small mountains of eggs! By arrangement with friends he got all those edibles to the Bogota market, 85 miles away. He sold them for enough money to buy a small sending set and a number of tiny receiving sets — and his idea was launched.

The potentialities of his plan as an educational instrument in the mountains, where schools were impossible, caught the imagination of all Colombia. I visited some of the thousands of radio schools that Monsignor had set up. It would bring tears to any eyes, to see the joy of those people, children and grownups, learning to read and write by lessons that came over the air and that were explained by monitors who headed the classes and who had enough instruction to direct the little groups. I watched a woman seventy-eight years old guide the hand of a farmer's wife of forty as she formed letters.

"It's wonderful!" said the aged helper. "They jump with joy when they can write *Mama mia* and

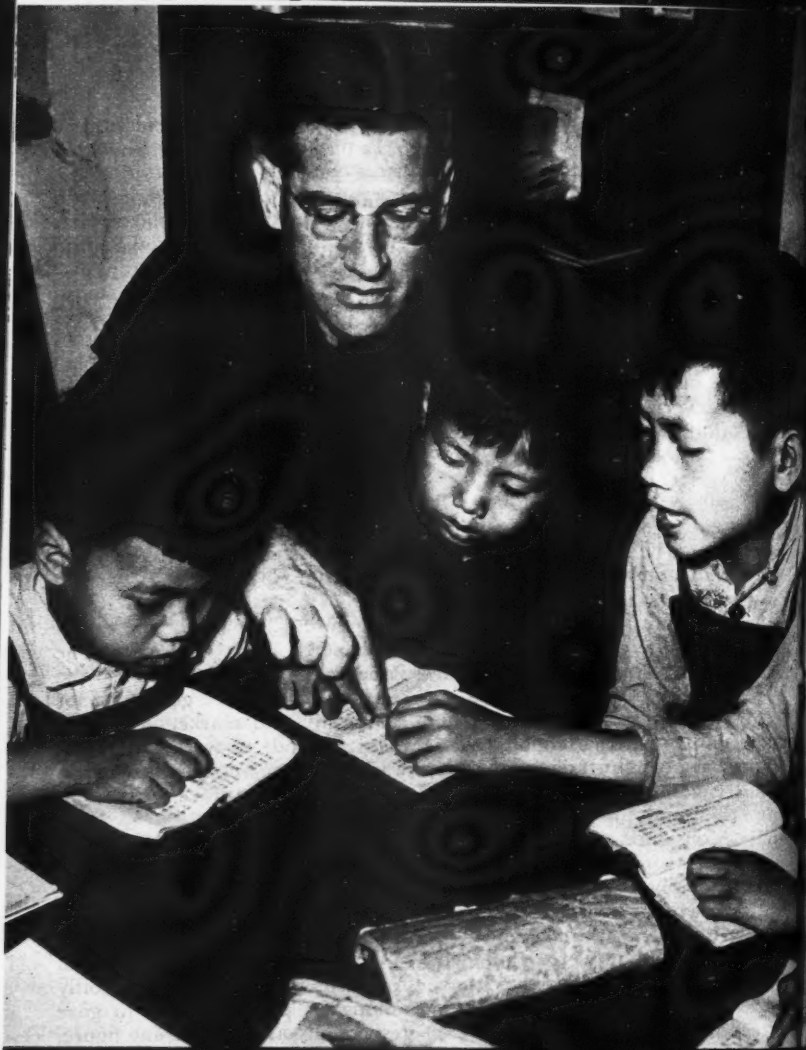
then read it aloud to onlookers."

Latin America counts many other social projects in the world of co-operatives, the labor field, in medicine, education, and social service. Almost all these have grown up in the new atmosphere of the past quarter of a century. The social role of the Church becomes ever more clear to the little people. In April 1955, the Third International Congress of Rural Life met for ten days at Panama. On one of the days, the delegates journeyed 150 miles into the interior, to Santiago de Veraguas, where 30,000 farmers gathered and listened to the simple, stirring words of Father Emmanuel Foyaca, S.J., editor of *Justicia Social Cristiana* of Havana.

"His Holiness sends from Rome his greetings to all the farmers," announced Padre Foyaca. "The Pope wants all farmers to use the soil well, to produce good food for the family and market, to own a piece of land, to work for decent wages, to organize for collective bargaining, to improve the soil and the livestock."

This is the theme of the major revolution that convulses the Latin-American continent today; the social revolution that is advancing rapidly all over Latin America.

One who truly knows Latin America comes to tread softly among its pathways and to gaze respectfully at every passing figure, even though lowly and in rags. Latin America has its share of scoundrels, surely; but it is one of the areas where a surprisingly large number of men are living according to Christian principles. ■■



WILLIAM P. MULCAHY

Father Peter A. Reilly, of Boston, is pastor of 60,000 refugees. He looks forward to the day when he will be able to hire 100 full-time catechists to help him prepare the large numbers preparing for baptism. He is also planning a school for 2,000 refugee pupils.

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ARTHUR F. DEMPSEY

■ A MILLION and a half refugees fled Red tyranny to the safety of Hong Kong. They crowded into the empty valleys and built match-box houses on bare hillsides. A Maryknoll Father went to live in each large refugee "town." Schools and dispensaries were opened. Churches were built. Soon converts were numbered in the thousands. Success was possible because of the generous support of friends back in America. The support that American Catholics give to this work is the missionary's greatest consolation.

ARTHUR F. DEMPSEY

# SECOND CHANCE

A PHOTO STORY FROM HONG KONG







WILLIAM P. MULCAHY



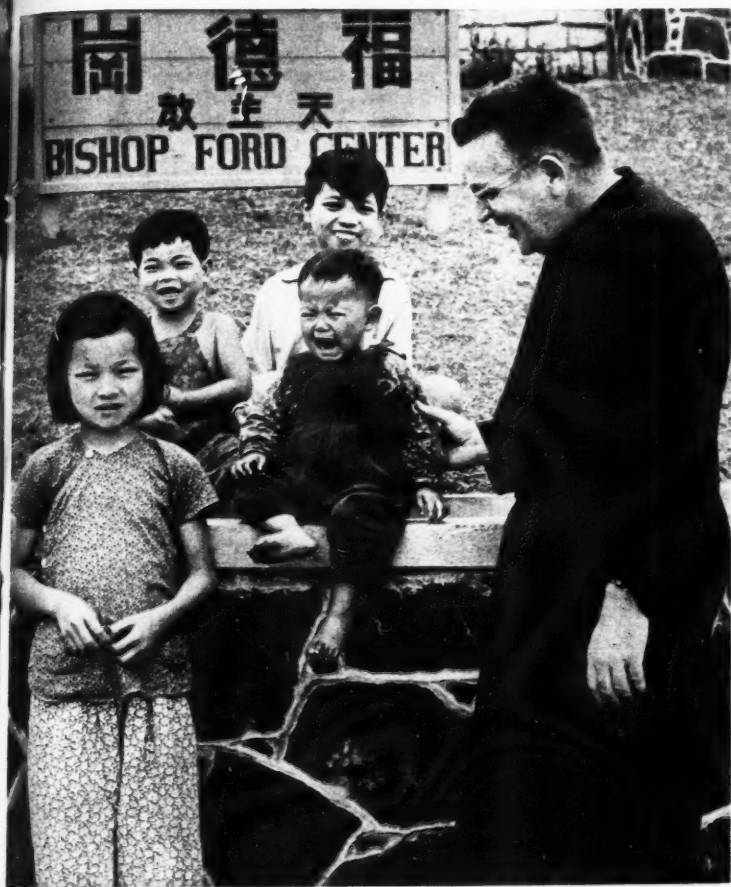
WILLIAM P. MULCAHY

■ ON Cow Head Corners, Father Arthur Dempsey has established his mission. His clinic (above) is a busy one. Last year the four Maryknoll clinics for refugees treated 128,590 cases.

Father Dempsey also conducts a co-operative weaving school. One of the many looms imported from the United States can be seen at the left. With Father Dempsey is Mr. Eugene Boucher who went to Hong Kong to help get the school started. It is the support of friends back home that makes Father Dempsey's work for the Chinese refugees possible. ■ ■

MARYKNOLL





WILLIAM P. MULCAHY

■ FATHER Howard Trube's refugee center has been named in honor of Bishop Francis X. Ford who died in a Communist jail. This center cares for 80,000 people. In four years, 3,000 have become Catholics, and many more are studying.

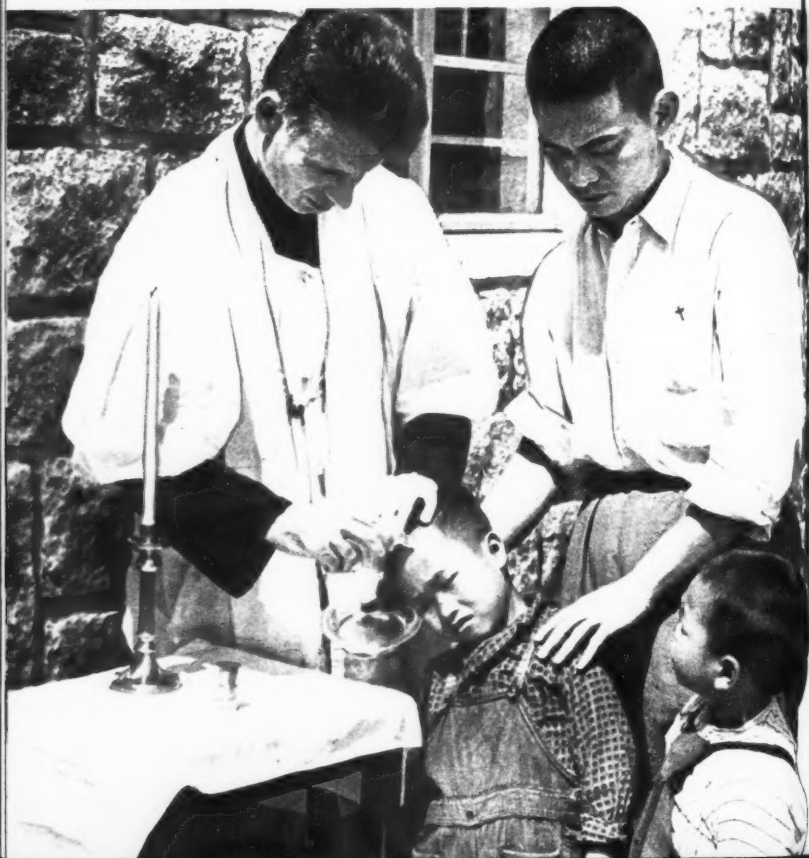
The Bishop Ford Center has sponsored the establishment of a textile factory. Home industries, such as tailoring, furniture making and vestment making, have also been begun to help the refugees to become self-supporting. ■ ■

■ IN the valley of Tsai Waan, Father Stephen B. Edmonds works among 10,000 refugees. The people in this valley live in crude huts made from salvaged wood and empty tin cans. Father Edmonds is working with welfare organizations to provide his people with permanent fire-proof houses.

Like all of the other refugee mis-

WILLIAM P. MULCAHY

sions, Tsai Waan is having a harvest of baptisms. For while the missionary labors to alleviate physical suffering, he never forgets that his main purpose is a spiritual one—building the Church of Christ and making future residents of heaven. It is in the spiritual fruit that the missionary receives his greatest and most lasting satisfaction.



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# Love Comes to Michaeli

BY JOHN J. RUDIN, M.M.

■ THE light breath of romance coupled with a big deal in cows has been hovering over the rectory in Sayusayu for the past month. Our 120-pound Basukuma cook wanted to get married.

Michaeli has wanted to get married for some years now. He has been prevented by his inability to find a girl whose father would consent to a small dowry of cows, and by an eighteen-month tour of duty in Her Majesty's prison as a reward for winning a dispute with a friend with the simple and satisfying method of beating said disputant over the head with a club.

The time in prison was most enjoyable for Michaeli. He had good food, free uniforms, regular hours and a job as cook for the warden. On his release and return to Sayusayu, he had a High Mass sung in thanksgiving for the fine time and for the wonderful companions he had in Her Majesty's hotel.

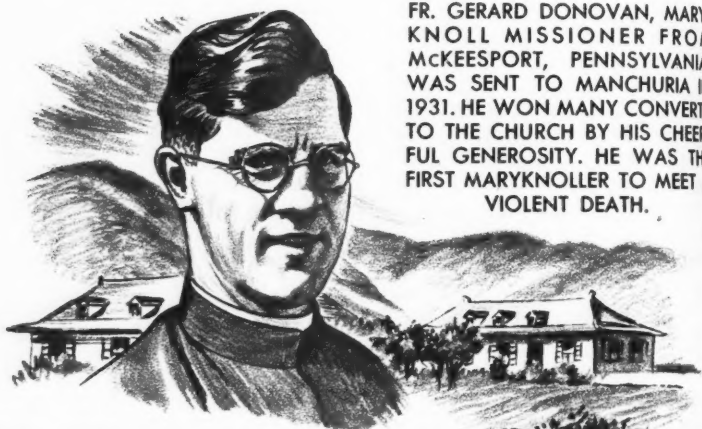
On days when there is a sung Mass, Michaeli closely follows the monastic rule of work and prayer. Early in the morning he starts the fire, puts on the coffee and oatmeal, locks the kitchen, takes his *Liber* to chapel, sings the *Introit* and *Kyrie* and starts the *Gloria*. He then puts down his book, returns to the kitchen, unlocks the door, ladles out

the porridge and pours the coffee for any priest who may come in for breakfast; locks up again, goes back to church, starts the *Credo*. And so it goes, for the rest of Mass: kitchen to choir, choir to kitchen.

At twenty, Basukuma old age was closing in on Michaeli and he still had no wife. The obstacle was a dowry of ten cows for a healthy young girl. For widows, the blind, the deaf, or the maimed, it is less. But Michaeli rejected such as those because during the month-long sacrament course for catechumens which has just closed, a fine young lady found that classes made her thirstier than most girls. She made frequent trips to our kitchen water supply where Michaeli was only too happy to get her as much water as she wanted so that she would be able to study better.

Over the water bucket romance started. He proposed through the kitchen window. Anastasia lowered the water dipper and accepted. Her father agreed if ten healthy cows were forthcoming. Michaeli's father has five cows: a relative in Meatu is giving two; with his savings Michaeli can purchase three from the parish herd if the *Padris* are lenient in the price. Now the only difficulty is to get a cook and singer for the wedding. ■ ■

# What ONE Priest Can Do! Wh



FR. GERARD DONOVAN, MARYKNOLL MISSIONER FROM MARYKNOLL, PENNSYLVANIA, WAS SENT TO MANCHURIA IN 1931. HE WON MANY CONVERTS TO THE CHURCH BY HIS CHEERFUL GENEROSITY. HE WAS THE FIRST MARYKNOLLER TO MEET A VIOLENT DEATH.

IN 1937 HE WAS CALLED OUT OF THE SANCTUARY DURING BENEDICTION, ON THE PRETEXT OF A SICK CALL. BANDITS KIDNAPED HIM FROM THE CHURCH. HIS BODY WAS FOUND FEBRUARY 11, 1938.



Maryknoll recruits young Americans, trains them to be missionaries and then sends them overseas to missions assigned to Maryknoll by the Holy See.

**Young men or women who wish to be missionaries should:**

1. Receive the sacraments frequently;
2. Pray to the Holy Ghost for understanding;
3. Pray to the Blessed Mother for protection;
4. Consult their pastor and confessor;
5. Discuss the matter with their parents.

# What ONE Sister Can Do!

MARY SISTER M. MERCY,  
R.O.M.A.D., OF MARY-  
KNOLL, LABORED  
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DOCTOR IN  
NORTH KOREA  
BEFORE THE WAR.  
THEN AS AD-  
MINISTRATOR OF  
THE MARYKNOLL  
HOSPITAL IN  
BOLIVIA.

DURING THE KOREAN  
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AND OPENED A  
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SERVE THE DESTITUTE  
REFUGEES. HER  
CLINIC WORKED  
AROUND THE CLOCK  
TREATING THOUSANDS  
OF CASES DAILY.



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**MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK**

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Dear Fathers: Please send me literature about becoming a Maryknoll

☐ Priest

☐ Brother

☐ Sister

(Check one.) I understand that this does not bind me in any way.

Postal Zone

# San Roque Portrait



**A tumble-down, cobwebbed parish gets a dose of spring cleaning.**

**BY ANTHONY V. RODRIGUES, M.M.**

■ **SIX BLOCKS** from downtown Santa Cruz is the large and busy San Roque Parish. Bishop Augustin Arce entrusted this parish to Maryknollers three years ago. At that time the church's interior was a dirty dungeon with a broken-down altar and tabernacle, the sanctuary and sacristy in sad shape, the nave lined with huge, useless altars. In the center was a giant pulpit which was an object of awe, far beyond the point of practicality.

In those days so few people came to Mass and devotions there was no need for space-saving. The exterior was unpainted and unattractive, the roof was ready to fall in, the priests' house was in shambles and the churchyard was a forest of weeds, shrubs and trees.

Father Marley had quite an experience the first time he celebrated Mass in San Roque. When he tried to open the tabernacle, the whole thing collapsed.

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Fathers Flaherty and Marley undertook some manual labor — cleaning, renovating, painting in all directions. Today, the church has a bright, welcoming appearance: white and cream and buff for an exterior; with a fresh, white interior set off by a border of green. Gone is the tumbling altar. The tabernacle stands in a clean sanctuary, with a new Communion rail and pulpit to match. The floor of the sanctuary has been done over in green and white tiles.

The shrubs and trees of the church grounds have given way to an excellent basketball court, rigged with lights for night games. Under Fathers Fitzgerald and Marley the youth have been attracted to their church. There are now three basketball teams, the young men, the intermediates and the altar boys. On many Friday nights, after Benediction, there have been three games: the altar boys battling other teams of their own age group, the intermediates opposing high school teams, and the young men playing the best basketball clubs in Santa Cruz.

During the last season San Roque came near to being the champions of the city, losing only to the well-conditioned Bolivian Aviation Cadets. On the nights of the big games over a thousand people gathered around the basketball court to watch San Roque play.

Due to the hard work of Fathers Fitzgerald and Marley the spirit of the parish has improved tremendously. Three years ago only a handful of women and children attended Sunday Mass. San Roque

now has the largest Mass attendance in the Santa Cruz area. Sunday Masses had to be increased from two to four, one of which is a well-attended evening Mass. Holy Communions have increased surprisingly, especially on the first Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays. On first Thursdays there is a High Mass and holy hour to petition Our Lord and His Blessed Mother for vocations to the priesthood and Sisterhood.

From the city of Santa Cruz the parish of San Roque extends into the country area, eight miles to the west and seven miles to the south. Outside the city limits is the heavily populated and rapidly growing suburb of El Pary — a poor section of town which today is clamoring for the construction of its own church. Each Sunday, a priest from San Roque celebrates Mass

She is one of San Roque's smart set.





# Catholic Press Month

— Teacher's Pet  
— Mother's Helper

Our MARYKNOLL magazine publishes a special students' edition September through June. That edition is sold in bulk to schools for classroom work.

The Students' Copy has become so popular with grownups as well as children, that we have decided to accept individual subscriptions. The price is \$2 a year for each individual subscription. Subscribe during Catholic Press month for a child, a shut-in, a friend, a teacher. Specify Students' Copy.

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for our many parishioners of El Pary. At first he said Mass in a private home. When the cold rains came, he set up an altar in a classroom of the El Pary school but this room soon proved too small.

Then came the mission of last August which brought back many fallen-away Catholics to the sacraments. Three priests worked till past midnight hearing confessions. Two local Sisters took data for marriages and prepared people for First Communion. It was a pleasure to see the whole-hearted response.

Since the mission we have had to celebrate Mass in a large, rambling shed with no walls, no floor and an incomplete roof. Into this humble structure we call down Our Lord Jesus to visit among His poor of El Pary. There is no other room large enough in all of El Pary to house the people who have been coming for Mass and devotions. They are eager and interested for the rebuilding of their Catholic Faith. They have been neglected for so long.

Every Sunday morning another priest and the two local Sisters go to El Bahio. There Mass is said in the home of Senor Rosendo Ayala, who has been very generous and cooperative. For the past half year he has been urging us to build a chapel for El Bahio. This is a rapidly growing area with a sizable population of its own, not far from the recently built Santa Cruz-Cochabamba highway. It is likewise in a central location for the four (next year it will be five) country schools at which we teach catechism every week during the school year.

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The Sisters, who go with us on Sunday mornings, explain the Mass and then teach catechism and hymns. Last October forty-six pupils of the four country schools made their First Communions. The Mass and Communion breakfast were held in the patio of Senor Ayala's home. It was a memorable day for the youngsters.

Two other substantial sections of our parish are El Palmar and Villa Arrien. These two gatherings of population are farther out into the country. We try to reach them once a month for a two or three day visit. We can make El Palmar in about fifty minutes by horse if the road is dry, but Villa Arrien is a horseback ride of two and a half hours.

Villa Arrien is a settlement of very friendly people who live close to the railroad line that runs to Argentina. These poor people have been the most neglected of San Roque's country parishioners throughout the past decades. Of late, Father Marley has taken great interest in them and their response has been very satisfying. Villa Arrien

and its neighboring concentrations of population have approximately two thousand souls who live within a radius of three miles. At a central point Mass is now celebrated in a small meeting hall. On Saturdays we ride out to the different sections, visiting homes and advising everyone we meet that there will be a Mass the next day.

From Villa Arrien came the only local vocation in the century-old San Roque parish—a Padre Tomas Jose Cespedes, who died in 1938. He was formerly pastor at the Sanctuary of the Virgin of Cotoca, which today is under the care of our Fathers Edward Mannion and Arthur Prall.

San Roque is a large, busy and important parish. We estimate that the city section has about nineteen thousand parishioners, while the country areas have possibly another eight thousand. This is enough to keep any three priests totally absorbed. The Lord has been generous to us in permitting us to see visible results in such a short space of time and we are grateful for His many blessings. ■ ■

## INDY ANN TAKES NO CHANCES





# Not in the Rule Book

**The gold plate's wearing thin on many a Puno wedding ring.**

**BY JOSEPH J. SARJEANT, M.M.**

■ WHY do wives in the States get discouraged when Hubby forgets the wedding anniversary? Father Martin Murphy pointed out a man to me here in Puno, Peru, who had forgotten that he was married. His wife had to drag him to the rectory by the ear and show him the marriage register before he was convinced.

This is not too difficult to comprehend. Religious instruction is a minimum for a great majority of the people; the civil ceremony constitutes the marriage. It is most difficult to convince them that the Church ceremony is not merely an added attraction.

There are lots of cases here in Puno that are not mentioned in theology books. For instance, there was the old-timer who came to the rectory one day not long ago. He wanted to get married to his dead wife. Of course, the Fathers had

been a union wasn't whether He de was st prob cause owned prop he c b e a though ing th tance.

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been after him for years to have the union blessed, but twenty years wasn't sufficient for him to decide whether or not he loved the woman. He decided ten minutes after she was stone cold; probably because she had owned a little property and he couldn't bear the thought of losing the inheritance. However it was too late now.

In the parish of San Miguel, an Aymara girl of some twenty summers came to the rectory for a baptismal certificate. She said her name was Fernanda but the books proved that she had been living under false pretenses these many years. She had been baptized Donata, the name given to all the girls baptized on that particular day—a custom which still prevails in some sections here.

Several Indians in the office witnessed the somewhat embarrassing revelation and all had a good hearty laugh at the expense of poor Fernanda—I mean Donata. She showed a mouthful of teeth also but I'll bet her *madrina* got an earful when Donata reached home. Undoubtedly the poor old godmother didn't hear well, and when the priest said: "I baptize thee Donata," she thought it sounded like "Fernanda." The poor girl had been living under a pseudonym all her life.

*Manana* is a magic word here in Puno. Any reputable Spanish-English dictionary will inform you

that the translation is "tomorrow." This is the grossest error ever perpetrated on an English-speaking student of Spanish. To the Latin mind, *manana* signifies that nebulous, foggy

state of absolute uncertainty in the great beyond. The closest thing to it in English is "never."

There is always a flock of

kids hanging around the door of San Ambrosio rectory, waiting to descend upon the Padre in search of holy cards—like sparrows pouncing on bread crumbs. To offer a holy card at such an inopportune moment is like signing your death warrant. The children stampede, and if Padre doesn't have enough to go around he is lucky to get away alive.

But the word *manana* always works. "*Manana Padre, muy bien,*" and the kids are happy for another day. I have used the expression on the same boy six days in a row and every time his face lights up with a glow of happy expectancy. I wonder how many days this can go on before he catches wise.

Puno's people are pleasant, and every day bring lots of laughs. But life on the altiplano has its serious side too. The area has just suffered its worst dry spell in over 30 years and in a land where people live from hand to mouth this is a real disaster. In 1923, a thousand Indians died because of a drought. Old-timers say this one is worse. Keep us in your prayers. ■ ■

"Every child ought to be a member of the Holy Childhood. It will make them better Christians . . . to spread the Kingdom of Christ will make them appreciate the holy gift of faith."—Pope Pius XI



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EDWARD J. MCGUINNESS

Over rugged hills and fragile bridges come the weekly supplies for the mission.

# ON THE TOWN

■ HOW ABOUT taking a stroll in the vicinity of a Guatemalan town? We'll give you a Maryknoll missionary as your guide. Because he lives there, he knows the people well. You'll meet many interesting folks. Tomas (left) has come in from Todos Santos to arrange a baptism. In his homemade rain-coat, he's prepared for any weather. Tired Daniel (right) has just finished working as a porter in the mountains. ■ ■





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JOSEPH J. RICKERT

■ If you ask your guide he will tell you that infant mortality among the mountain folk is very high. Maria Victoria's baby (left) was saved by the prompt medication

of the missionary. Nothing could be done for the infant son of Raymundo Vicente. The parents' only consolation was that Father Joseph Halpin gave the final blessing. ■ ■

# LAND OF CONTRAST

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ROBERT E. LEE

Father Robert E. Lee beats out the latest favorite on this man-sized marimba.



JOSEPH J. RICKERT



A missionary in Guatemala must be a jack-of-all trades. Father Daniel McLeod demonstrates the latest clerical methods of teeth extraction.



JOSEPH J. RICKERT

A pretty pair of kids.

These feet know weary, long miles.

EDWARD J. MCGUINNESS





**Mam Indian  
orange seller.**

**ROBERT E. LEE**

# Portrait of a Patient Man

BY JOHN J. BRADLEY, M.M.

■ IT IS trite to say that patience is the classic missionary virtue. Nevertheless, it is amazing in how many different forms this truth manifests itself. I remember one time when Father Joseph Cappel, the Maryknoll pastor in Curepto, Chile, made a trip to Santiago on his motorcycle to buy some necessary supplies. It was a long trip of about seven hours.

Father Joe wanted to buy three things: First, a new headlight for his motorcycle since the old one would not function and he had to make long trips at night to attend the sick in his vast country parish. Secondly, he wished to buy some waterproof material so he could make an outfit to wear while riding his motorcycle in the rainy weather. Lastly, he wanted a float to cut off the water in his new water tank.

No matter how tiring the trip to Santiago may be, Father Joe's visits are always flying ones. If possible he returns to his parish the very same day. He has a curate but he believes the pastor should be available to the people at all times.

On this occasion he made his purchases quickly and headed back to his mission. The new headlight was attached to the front of the motorcycle. The other supplies were in saddlebags on the rear of

it. Everything went fine until Father Joe was nearing Curepto. Then suddenly the new headlight went out. Being a prudent man the pastor made a detour so he would not be stopped by the local police. He was a little disappointed at the failure of the new light but at least he had his waterproof material and the float. He ate a hurried supper and wearily went to bed.

In the morning, after Mass, he opened the saddlebag, took out the waterproof material and turned pale. During his long journey back the material had been bouncing against some metal object and was filled with little holes. They weren't big holes but rain would have no difficulty penetrating through them. It was a sad fact that his waterproof material was no longer waterproof.

With a sigh of resignation Father Joe pulled out the float and climbed the tower to install it in the new tank. After the installation the water was pumped into the tank. The water level rose and rose until it finally reached the float which promptly sank.

I don't know what Job would have said under the circumstances. Father Cappel's only comment was, "When I have a chance I must make another trip to Santiago." ■ ■

MARYKNOLL

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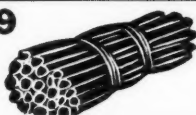
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5.	Cooking, eating utensils . . . . .	5.
6.	Food for hungry . . . . .	5.
7.	Shoes per person . . . . .	4.
8.	Gasoline for sick calls, gallon . . . .	.40
9.	Firewood for homes, bundle . . . . .	.10

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## EDITORIAL:

# Our Population Explodes

BY ALBERT J. NEVINS, M.M.

■ THERE are at the present moment 2.7 billion people in the world. If the current rate of growth continues, the world's population can double within fifty years. According to authorities, by 1980 there will be 4 billion people in the world, and by 2000 there will be 5.5 billion.

If the phenomenal growth in population of the last century had started in the year Christ was born, for every person in the world at that time there would be one million more today. This would mean a population of 2,700,000,000,000,000 people — an unimaginable figure!

It has been only in the last century that diseases and epidemics have been brought under control, and the death rate lowered. Infant mortality has been reduced all over the world. Famines which formerly took the lives of millions are being ended. In addition science is making new advances that will further make the world free of disease and

further lower the mortality rate.

International teams from the United Nations, the World Health Organization and various governments are busy in all parts of the world raising the standard of living, and improving health. It is possible that because of the work of those groups that the population growth will even expand beyond what is now predicted.

IN THE United States, the picture is much the same. In 1940 our country numbered 132 million people. In 1956 this figure increased to 168 million. In 1975 there will be an estimated 250 million people — or almost double the 1940 total!

Because of the conditions of prosperity under which we are living families are growing larger. Where formerly people had one or two children, the tendency is now to three or four. Moreover, people are being married at a younger age: it



### Life on the Missions 1: Korean Refugee

WITH this painting by Joseph Watson Little, we begin a new series of covers of scenes found in mission lands. The kindness of the American GI to the young refugees of Korea is a page of history in which we can take pride. The Korean boy imitates his benefactors, even to heavy combat boots.



is not infrequent for girls to be married at 18 years of age.

THERE are many important implications in this population growth, particularly when it is to come in so short a period. It means that the Church will almost double by 1975. We will need more churches and more schools. Of what is immediate concern is the fact that we will need many more priests and Sisters and Brothers — and obtaining them is a long range proposition because of the years necessary for education.

It means that our seminaries will have to be greatly expanded. Our thinking on vocational recruitment and training will have to be conditioned by the population "explosion" that is coming to our country and the world.

The growth in population will mean greater opportunities and responsibility for the Church. There will be far more people to convert than there are today. Missionary forces will have to be increased tremendously. We must begin preparing ourselves today to meet this greater challenge.

The population growth will also compel us to re-examine our international thinking. We have too long considered this world as the domain of the white man. Almost a billion and a half people live in China and the Indian subcontinent. They outnumber the whites today. In 50 years, they will be the vast majority.

The population growth will also

# Maryknoll

*Catholic Foreign Mission  
Society of America*

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL  
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

raise grave moral and philosophical problems. Materialists claim that the world is already overpopulated. There will be new pressures for birth control and legalized abortion. We must be ready to combat immoral population control, but we shall have to do more than condemn; we will have to offer positive solutions.

Finally, there will be material problems. We shall have to see that everyone is provided with decent housing and sufficient food. This in itself will be an Herculean task that world leaders will have to solve.





# Christmas on the Beni

Was your trip home for Xmas  
anything like this journey?

BY WILLIAM J. COY, M.M.

■ MY FIRST Christmas in Bolivia was spent on the Madre de Dios River, tributary of the mighty Beni.

I had always thought of a canoe as that frail little bark Hiawatha paddled along the Gitche Gumee. Such is not the kind in the Beni. The canoe we had was a long, hollowed-out log built up on the sides, and powered by an outboard.

When I saw what was going into the canoe I began to wonder if the old log could make it upstream. There were two Padres, Father Fransen and myself; Pablo, the boatman and his daughter; a man just released from the hospital, going home with his daughter; two Sisters and all their baggage. We had baggage too, a Mass kit, bedding and the rest.

After we left the dock, I saw the wisdom of taking Pablo along to steer the canoe. He knew where the weakest current and the back eddies were. At one place we had to go against the strongest current be-

cause there was no other way of getting around a bend. The craft just barely moved. A bigger problem is to avoid the junk that floats downstream. As it was we broke three shearpins. I am sure that anyone less experienced would have been floating downstream without power most of the time.

The river was just starting to rise yet it brought down logs and debris at a fast clip. Huge trees—roots, branches and all—come down in the current. The river constantly eats away banks in one place and builds them up in others. People try to take advantage of a fast current going downstream or a back eddy going up. Not infrequently the bank caves in on someone in a boat or canoe. The man whom we were taking home had lost his wife and daughter in that manner a few days previously. Maryknoll's Brother Gonzaga was killed three years ago by a big tree that fell over as the boat was go-

ing by. The jungle is treacherous.

I found out that pests of the Beni are most bothersome if they are small. The big ones—snakes and cougars—stay away from main trails and rivers. But the little ones are always around. The biggest of this class is the mosquito, and others are of various small sizes. The most pestiferous kind is invisible. I was well bitten.

After five hours, we reached Agua Dulce. Everyone seemed to be very happy to see us—except a few of the little inhabitants. They ran when they saw the Madres getting out of the boat because they associate the Madres with getting stuck with injection needles.

This little community of eighteen families or so is an unofficial leper colony. Families who have one or more members with the disease have congregated there. They are not obliged by the Government to go there, nor are they aided by the State once they take up residence.

Maryknoll Sisters from our hospital visit the place several times a year and take care of all their ills. Lepers take a drug called diasone, and as a result, only one woman shows any effects of the disease. As a matter of fact the people there are more healthy looking than in any other settlement along the river.

After the preliminary greetings, we found out where we would spend the night. The Sisters were to

occupy the chapel while Father Fransen and myself were to go to the house of the mayor of the community. All of us ate supper at his house. I was given a big glass of

cool river water to drink. When I saw the glass I thought that I was getting some sort of prepared drink—such a pleas-

ant orange color. Mud, sand and all, it tasted good.

The time between supper and midnight Mass was filled with rosary, sermon, confessions, two baptisms and a couple of processions that the Sisters had with the children. They marched through the jungle path carrying torches and singing carols.

Father Fransen said his three Masses beginning at midnight; the Sisters formed the choir at the High Mass. Everybody stayed for all three Masses, which was a little surprising to me. But it was even more surprising in the morning, when they were all on hand at six for my first Mass. After that we packed our gear into the boat, said good-by to all, and made our way downstream to two other settlements, where I said Mass in each place. By noon we were back in Riberalta.

My week's excursion to Maryknoll's mission center in Riberalta provided a Christmas for me that I shall never forget. I had the happiness of witnessing there the difficult task performed by our Maryknollers for Bolivian souls. ■■

"May the God of our tabernacles find you ready with the earthly goods with which He has blessed you, to cooperate in building the tabernacles among men."

—Pope Pius XII



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■ HOKKAIDO, the northernmost island of Japan looks like a cowhide stretched to dry in the sun. It is known as the "home of the Ainus." Anyone on his way to Hokkaido is advised to be sure and visit an Ainu village. And anyone recently returned from the island, is invariably asked, "What do the Ainus look like?"

At the present time there are an estimated 16,000 Ainus on Hokkaido and a good number of them are in the Maryknoll territory. One famous Ainu village is situated not far from the Maryknoll parish of Tomakomai. My trip to that Ainu village to see and meet those fascinating people was an interesting experience.

Ainuos are a people set apart.

**A switch: Papa gets sick  
when the baby is born.**

**BY JOHN L. LAVIN, M.M.**

They have no racial affinity with the Mongoloid Japanese. Ainus migrated to Hokkaido from Siberia by way of Sakhalin, an island just north of Hokkaido. It is believed that prior to this migration they were driven from the European area by warring tribes. At the present day, there are Ainus on the island of Sakhalin, now in Russian possession.

The physical frame of a typical Ainu is taller and more rugged than

Ainu girl

JOHN L. LAVIN



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that of a Japanese. Ainus have skin with a whitish color and they have luxuriant beards and abundant hair on their bodies. Their skulls are considered the largest in the world with the jawbones averaging twice the length of those of Japanese. Their shaggy eyebrows, sparkling dark brown or black deeply set eyes, prominent cheekbones, high foreheads and bushy hair make a startling impression on a visitor seeing them for the first time. Ainus are always friendly, courteous.

The word "Ainu" means "man" and the Ainu world is a man's world. The men love inactivity. Their primary interests are hunting, fishing, sleeping, visiting with cronies and drinking. To them women are creatures "predestined to minister to men's wants, and to do all the manual labor."

Ainus have a great love of children. It is a great disgrace for an Ainu couple to have no children. Ainus believe that lack is due to the fact that husband or wife has committed some sin.

When an Ainu child is born, it is the father who has to take it easy. He has to consider himself ill and to stay at home, wrapped up warmly near the fire. His wife must get back to work as soon as possible after giving birth to a child. Ainus believe that at the time of birth, life passes from the father into his child.

The chief article of Ainu clothing is a long garment much like the Japanese kimono. In former days this was made from the inner bark of the elm tree. Colored a somber

## Ainu elder

JOHN L. LAVIN



gray or black, the garment is embroidered with various patterns and no two kimonos have the same pattern. It is possible to tell from which district an Ainu has come by the pattern of his garment.

Christianity has made little headway among the Ainus, even though attempts were begun as early as 1876 by Protestant missionaries. A Catholic mission was established in the Ainu village of Shiraoi; but

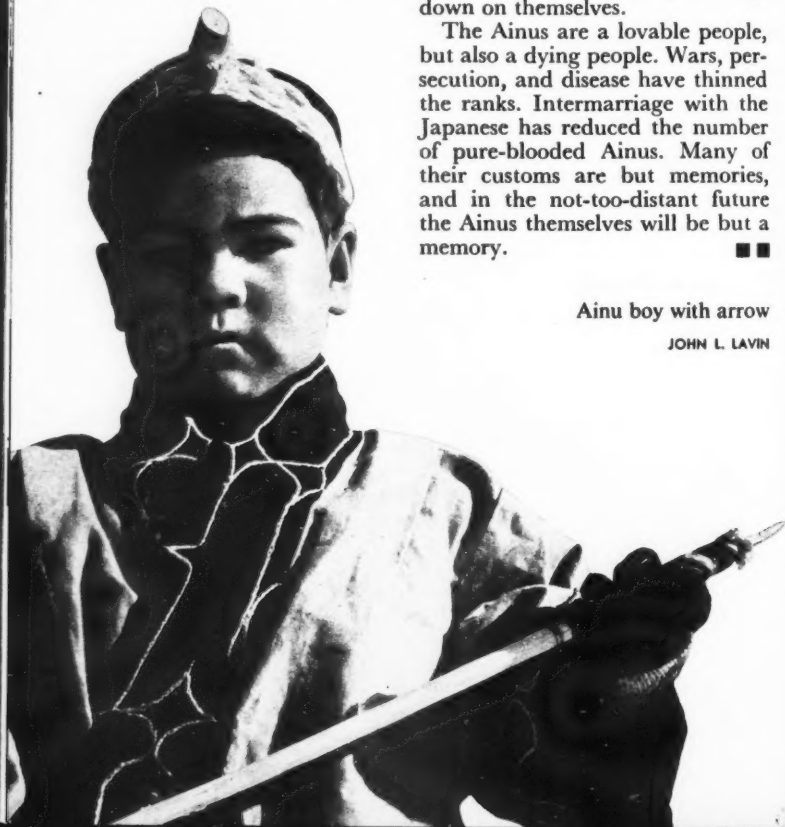
although some conversions were made, the mission made little progress. The Ainus' love of gaiety and drinking, their low morality, plus the lack of a written grammar were obstacles to overcome.

The bear festival is the outstanding religious ceremony of the Ainus. The bear is a great example of the gods' benevolence. By killing a bear ceremoniously they believe they liberate its spirit and bring blessings down on themselves.

The Ainus are a lovable people, but also a dying people. Wars, persecution, and disease have thinned the ranks. Inter-marriage with the Japanese has reduced the number of pure-blooded Ainus. Many of their customs are but memories, and in the not-too-distant future the Ainus themselves will be but a memory. ■ ■

Ainu boy with arrow

JOHN L. LAVIN







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Cloistered Sisters make altar breads for Maryknoll and nearby churches.

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# CRACKS in our CLOISTER

Twenty-five years ago, the house was already old.

BY JAMES L. PRUSS, M.M.

■ IF THE cracks in our Maryknoll Cloister were a little wider, one could almost walk through them. I know; I worked on them.

"Go up to the cloister," the seminary procurator had told me. "The Sisters have plumbing trouble."

Many a time I had looked up with gratitude at that little old farmhouse perched on the hill above us. It was a watchful sentry, a spiritual powerhouse for all of us here at Maryknoll and around the world.

And there we were — two seminarians, Don Vittengl and I — rather shocked at ourselves to be ringing the Cloister's doorbell. We were going inside the Cloister! We were the "necessary craftsmen" permitted by canon law to enter the enclosure. Mrs. Griffith, the dedicated laywoman who serves as portress, ushered us into the waiting room, one side of which is covered by a grating. I was embarrassed. Never before had I been in a convent parlor in old dirty overalls with a mechanic's cap stick-

ing out of my frayed back pocket.

I thought the very walls would fall on us. Little did I realize then that it could easily have happened.

Mrs. Griffith pushed buttons and conferred over the interhouse phone. Doors shut; a handbell rang. I realized that the nuns were not locked in, but the world was locked out. It would be far simpler to get into an Atomic Reservation.

Finally a key turned in the door at the head of the stairs. "Go on up, boys," Mrs. Griffith said. And we mounted the stairs toward the smiling face of Sister Mary Theodore, the Cloister superior. Another Sister, in charge of house maintenance, was with her. They pointed to a spot in the ceiling.

"The water is coming down from there," Sister said. "And"—pointing to a spot on the floor—"it's coming up from there."

Don and I looked around for awhile to see where the leak was coming from. I was going to say: "You ought to get some first-class plumbers. We only came up through

# THE CLOISTER'S SILVER JUBILEE



Just 25 years ago, Mother Mary Joseph named ten Sisters as foundation stones for the Cloistered unit of her community, — a project she had planned from the very beginning of Maryknoll. Since then, the Cloistered Sisters have been "the spiritual support and consolation of all Maryknollers," as Mother herself used to say. Dedicated to prayer and penance for Christ's missions and missionaries, the Cloister is a powerhouse of prayer which reaches to the ends of the earth.

But the Sisters are human. Their inadequate, non-fireproof farmhouse must be replaced.

Will you, in memory of Mother Mary Joseph, help complete the Sisters' building fund during their Jubilee year? Send your donation or your pledge direct to the Cloister.

**CLOISTERED MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.**

**I wish to share in your apostolate of prayer and sacrifice.**

- ☐ I enclose \$..... to help build your permanent Cloister.
- ☐ During your Jubilee Year, I pledge to give a total of \$....., if other obligations do not interfere. Please send me an occasional reminder.

My Name.....

Street.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Your intentions will be remembered day and night throughout the year before Our Lady's shrine in the Cloister Chapel.

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The Sisters hear Mass through a grill; receive Communion through an opening.

the shipyards and seminary-maintenance jobs."

"Let's try removing some of the ceiling," Don suggested.

The Sisters must have said a prayer to St. Joseph, the workman, as we started to drill holes in the ceiling. They knew better than we what might happen.

We struck more water. The plaster came down in chunks like mud. The trouble was found. A hot-water pipe had corroded and sprung a leak. Here was a plumber's delight or nightmare, depending on one's viewpoint.

Whoever installed that plumbing must have been a genius. Every pipe in the house crossed, met or elbowed at the spot we were to work in. This twisted maze was

the result of turning an old farmhouse, built in the last century, into a cloistered convent for eighteen Sisters. We hadn't time that day to do more than figure out what work had to be done and what tools were needed to do it.

"By the way," Sister said as we were about to leave, "will you take a look at the infirmary ceiling? The plasterboard . . ."

Yes, the plasterboard had pulled away from the rafters and hung precariously over a bed.

"Is there any danger that it will fall?" Sister Theodore asked.

"Oh, no, no indeed," both Don and I were quick to assure her. Sister sighed her relief and we left, fortified with cookies and some candy.

The next afternoon, Mrs. Griffith



Every prayer these Sisters say on Fridays is offered for their benefactors.

had news for us as we reported to finish the plumbing job.

"The ceiling fell down this morning, but," she added quickly as she heard us gasp, "luckily the Sisters were all down in the refectory at the time."

Don and I looked at each other. A slow flush mounted my neck and spread through my face. All of a sudden, whatever I had for lunch began not to agree with me. What safety inspectors we two would have made!

After a horrible wait, the key turned in the door. We went up, expecting to find a somewhat disappointed group of Sisters. But no. They just smiled and asked if we could repair the damage.

"We'll try," we grinned. Happily for the good Sisters' faith in us, it was the dispensary ceiling that had fallen, not the one in the room we had okayed dogmatically the day before.

The dispensary, which serves also as a passageway, looked as if it had been in an air raid. A section of the plaster about six feet by eight feet had plunked down. One large piece had cut a big gash in the wooden floor. Thank God no one was under that falling plaster. Don and I set to work.

"We'd better pray that the ceiling in the infirmary stays up long enough so we can get time to repair it," Don muttered.

For more than a week, Don, Mike Simone, who is a carpenter, and several other deacons spent afternoon recreation periods and free time, trying to get various parts of the Cloister into fairly good condition. We plastered the ceiling, filled cracks in the walls, patched leaks in the roof, repaired leaky pipes in the basement, fixed faucets, painted. Incidentally, we fixed the original pipe only after ripping up a large section of flooring in order to get at it.

They say the missionaries in the fields afar live a rugged life. Well, I am convinced that missionaries in the Cloister live an equally rugged and precarious life. A few more patches — and there will not be much left to be seen of the original Cloister.

I hear that they hope to build a permanent and safe convent. Until that day, we will have to patch as best we can the "cracks in the Cloister." And the cloistered Sisters will have to pray fervently during Compline: "Save us, O Lord, while we are awake, and guard us when we sleep that we may watch with Christ and rest in peace." ■■

MARYKNOLL

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# Spider in the Church

BY THEODORE M. KUECHMANN, M.M.



■ WE HAVE a spider in our church. He looks like a Japanese cousin of the garden spiders I remember from my Wisconsin boyhood—only bigger, streamlined and brown.

I first saw the spider one evening at night prayers. He was just behind where I was kneeling. If I had legs as long as his, I could have kicked him. But I just tucked my stocking feet in under my cassock.

Next the spider came to Sunday Mass. He perched on the curtain on the wall behind the altar, not far from the credence table. When the little barefoot altar boy went to get the wine and water at the Offertory, he saw the spider and jumped. Then, remembering his dignity, he recovered, put his toes in the trailing hem of his cassock, and continued bravely on. I knew where his eyes were during the rest of the Mass.

The spider's third visit was during a private May devotion. He was on the wall, not far from the statue of Our Lady. A camera was handy, so I got a picture.

This spider fits in with the history of this property. This site used to be a public execution grounds where many a rice runner or high-

wayman got his head lopped off. Ferocious spiders help add atmosphere to such a place.

Later this was the site of a temple. Two large stone columns, a sacred tree, and (until we moved in) a pagan idol remained after the temple fell into disuse. Forgotten idols and spiders guarded the place.

Some time afterwards, a private hospital was built on this site. The doctor who built it died suddenly a short time later. His successor also had a short tenure of office. When the third doctor came down with a lingering illness, the hospital's reputation was ruined. Everyone was sure that the place was haunted by headless highwaymen or neglected gods. Once again gray strands shuttered the windows.

Two years ago the Catholic Church bought the property, and the present pastor, Father Leo Steinbach moved in. The largest of the old buildings became a temporary chapel, several classrooms, a dispensary and living quarters for two priests. Since then, the number of Christians has grown. The spider will have to look for a new home because we hope to have a new church in a few months. ■ ■

# Letters

## OF THE MONTH

**We do not publish any letter without first obtaining the writer's permission.**

### Pro and Con

I was astonished by your editorial "The Radical Popes." You seem concerned over the fact that secular and non-Catholic publications should label the Church as "reactionary." Of course it's "reactionary." It clings to absolutes: to fixed and unchangeable positions. I cannot understand why you should apologize for those Catholics and Catholic publications that are astute enough to find the flaws in this organization, and to point out the dangers to others. The charge that the Catholic publications which criticize are "a minority," is, sad to say, quite true. But I believe you will find instances in the history of the Church where the minority has been right.

NAME WITHHELD

Enid, Okla.

I read with much delight your editorial on the "Radical Popes." For years I have discussed this doctrine and phase of our Church with many people, and the ones who expressed the greatest doubt as to the truth of it were Catholics. Today we still have men and women, good Catholics, who do not want to hear anything about the labor encyclicals, the UN, or anything that will disturb them. These Catholics have developed a philosophy of "Catholic materialism," and they strike me as "card-bearing" mem-

bers only. It is sad to think that we have two kinds of Catholics today and that the Church is so divided. If it were not for the missionaries, God would have visited us with some terrible punishment before this.

New York City

THOMAS F. WARD

■ *Our thanks to our many friends who wrote us pro and con regarding this editorial. Our position is that Catholics are radicals because we reduce everything to basic doctrine that gets at the very root of things. The editorial was not primarily concerned with the United Nations. We grant that the UN is an imperfect instrument, but it is the best and only instrument we have for world security and peace. Instead of condemning we should seek to reform.*

### Gust of Wind

Yesterday when I was sailing something very strange happened. For the first time in my life I was coming in first in the big sailboat races. Towards the end of the race I took a foolish tack and the second boat caught up. Then I really started to pray. About twenty-five yards from the finish, we were still mast to mast. At that moment a gust of wind hit our boat only. We won. I guess that shows Who controls the seas.

Nahant, Mass.

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### Booster

I'm from Cuba and really wish I could speak enough English to express how close to God I am every time I read about all the things the Maryknoll Fathers are doing all over the world. Since I joined helping you through a friend of mine at Squibb Company, I'm always talking about your good work and all the help you are giving to needy people.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TONY FUENTES

### Balance

I made my First Holy Communion and I am sending you one of my gifts to help some little girl in South America make her First Communion.

Houston, Tex.

KATHLEEN IMBER

### "Baptism"

It occurred to me when I was reading your account of Mother Mary Joseph that, as Aquinas is said to have "baptized" Aristotle, so one might say that Mother Mary Joseph "baptized" the best in the feminist movement that owed so much to Smith, Wellesley, Radcliffe and others. I can think of no two principles that would more readily meet with the approval of those colleges than Mother Mary Joseph's "Keep your individuality" and "Train yourself; goodwill is not enough." I hope that as soon as possible we shall be treated to a more extended life, and that this matter of how she exemplified the best in her education will not be overlooked. (No, I'm not Smith; I'm Vassar, but it's all the same.)

Pasadena, Calif.

LUCY L. BRIDGES

■ *A life of the foundress of the Maryknoll Sisters is now being written.*

### Sacrifice

I am stationed in the desert, and as deserts usually are, this one is unbearably hot. A partial solution to this was going to be a large electric fan that I was going to place near my bed. However, I decided that there were a lot of people in need of more than physical comfort. For their spiritual consolation I am giving up my electric fan and will also look for other ways to make sacrifices for the missions.

NAME WITHHELD  
Fort Sam Houston, Tex.

### Equality

I enjoy every page of your magazine. Your Letters of the Month pages sometimes burn me up, especially when other people criticize the races. Though black, white, yellow are the colors of the different races, six feet makes us all the same size. Think it over.

B. SHERLOCK  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

### Thanks

I wish to thank each one who sent rosaries to me to be mended. I received about 400 and many had no return address. These rosaries will be sent to needy missionaries.

MRS. T. CURRIE  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

### Value

Your magazine is a welcome visitor in our home. Each month we travel to Peru, Chile, Africa, China, etc., where people's trials and tribulations are almost unbelievable, dotted here and there with the sugar and spice of our little charities.

C. V. FERNANDEZ  
Montebello, Calif.



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The traveling slide-show man does a land office business during festival time. (Left) This masklike face of the actor will chill you a little and thrill you.

# Only Make-Believe

■ **EVERYBODY** in Japan loves a festival. Young and old enter into the spirit of recapturing — if only by make-believe — the rich, the beautiful, the heart-warming things from centuries past. Japan is more like the industrial West than any other Oriental nation but the Japanese are smart enough to treasure their traditions. They have a gay holiday in the process. A festival always has that something old to please grandmother who “remembers when”; a festival always has that something new for the small fry who learn in this sugar coated way to love and respect the culture that is their heritage.

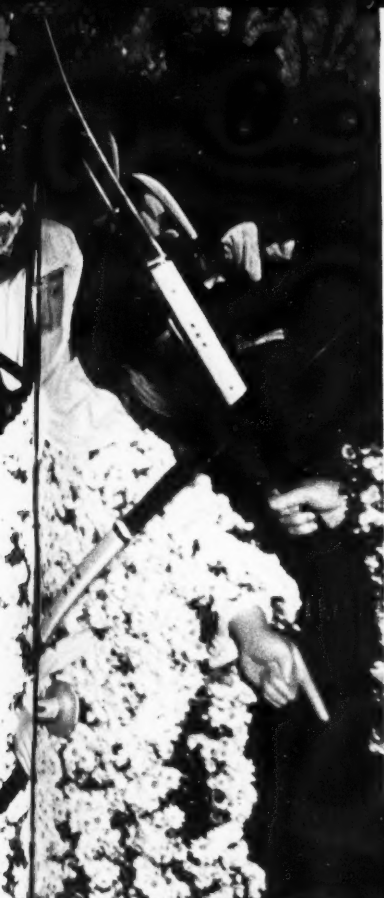




BY J. KARL

■ **FONDNESS** for flowers is almost a trademark of Japan. Their poets and artists dote on gorgeous plum and cherry blossoms. The average Japanese woman has exquisite taste in arranging a modest bouquet. Even the hovels of the poor are brightened by flowers. The men (*above*) stretch their imagina-

tions to come up with unusual festival costumes. How many Americans would have the patience to weave a costume from daisies? The exhibit (*upper right*) is part of a floral exhibit in Tokyo. There are no artificial flowers on the hats of the young ladies (*lower right*), and they made them themselves! ■■



ANTHONY J. KARLOVECIUS



ANTHONY J. KARLOVECIUS

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EDMUND T. SHAMBARIS





Make-believe in reverse. This lad's wail shows that he imagined those brightly colored things were oranges put there for him. (Right) Little Miss Kabuki.



# WANT ADS

**A Honey For Your Money!** An orphan driven by communism to Maryknoll in Korea, is raw material from which, with your aid, we can fashion a Christian. An orphan can be fed a whole month for \$5.

**Donations to Maryknoll** are deductible for Federal Income Tax purposes. Our government thus encourages your charity to help the missions and to help yourselves.

**Japan Will Be Saved** by Japanese; South America by Indians; Africa by Africans. Maryknoll has seminaries on each continent to educate local boys for the priesthood. To train one priest on the missions costs \$150 a year. Are you interested?

64

**Homeless, Hungry** Chinese children come to us in Hong Kong for shelter, clothes, food and medicine. Five dollars provides for one child for a month.

**Poor Children** in Chile depend on us for milk, lunch, clothes. 40c will supply a child with milk, and 50c with lunch for a week. 80c purchases a child a sweater. Most parents can't afford to buy sweaters for their children.

**African Missions** need a year's supply of Mass wine, \$30; Mass hosts, \$25; Mass candles, \$50; sanctuary lamp oil, \$25. A chance for you to help supply these for divine service.

**How To Invest \$20** at a profit: Support a catechist. He will multiply your profits a thousandfold by spending his full time teaching Catholic doctrine to people eager to learn. His salary will cost you only \$20 a month. Angels will record your profit in the Book of Life.





# WHO is greater in the KINGDOM of GOD?



St. Therese,  
Contemplative

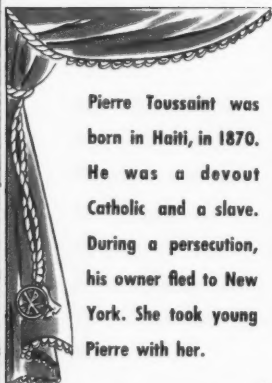
St. Francis Xavier,  
Active Apostle

Pope Pius XI answered the above question by declaring St. Francis Xavier, the great Apostle of the Indies and St. Therese, Carmelite nun who prayed and died in a convent, co-equal Patrons of the Missions. YOU, too, can be an apostle, no matter what your life or work.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, New York

# People are Interesting!

Pierre Toussaint  
Saintly New Yorker



Pierre Toussaint was born in Haiti, in 1870. He was a devout Catholic and a slave. During a persecution, his owner fled to New York. She took young Pierre with her.



1. When Pierre, then freed, came to New York, he got a job and supported his former owner.



2. Pierre soon became wealthy as the hairdresser of New York's most fashionable women.



3. Pierre used all his money to help others. He gave generously to the poor, sick, and infirm.



4. He gave money for the education of priests. Many priests he helped are still living today.



5. When Pierre Toussaint died, thousands of New Yorkers paid their respects at his funeral.

Christ belongs to ALL the human race.



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